Odd News From Big Cities

Stories of Strange Happenings in the Metropolitan Towns

Many Baltimore Women Start Smoking

BALTIMORE, Md.—That there is a large and ever-increasing number of women smokers in Baltimore was the opinion expressed by several prominent physicians and women themselves.

Most of the physicians were unhesitating in their disapproval of the habit. Dr. William H. Pearce said:

"I consider it bad for anyone to smoke, but it is worse for women than for men. It lowers the moral tone eventually and has absolutely nothing to recommend it in any way."

When asked if many of his women patients were smokers he declared that he did not know.

"It's not the kind of habit to demand treatment," he said, "and as a matter of fact I know positively of only two of my women patients who make a practise of smoking."

The greater number of women smokers in Baltimore are to be found among the "fashionables"—the society set, and with them the cigarette habit is said to be general. At some entertainments given only for women the entire party will take cigarettes as naturally as their husbands and brothers would do. They have their own cigarette cases and match-boxes, and their own favorite brands, and, while not flaunting the habit in the faces of a conservative public, "make no bones" of the matter and readily admit that they smoke.

Another set about town among whom smoking is indulged in freely includes the artistic and musical coteries. Among them there is always a more or less foreign element and Continental ideas generally find favor.

Several well-known women physicians were asked about their observations on the subject and, with one accord, they replied that the habit was general among society women only.

"It is a conspicuous fact," said one "that few women students of colleges or universities smoke. I have never known of a woman teacher who did."

Another woman physician said she did not consider it had ever been conclusively proved that smoking in moderation was harmful, but that she thought both men and women were none the better for it.

A well-known suffragist was asked whether a desire to vote on a woman's part went with the habit of cigarette smoking. She was indignant and declared "very few Baltimore suffragists smoke, and, anyhow, those who do did it before they became suffragists."

A well-known physician living on Charles street said that while smoking might not hurt the woman, he considered it a horrid habit and no woman was "kissable" who smoked. He was certain that he would not permit any of his family to indulge in it for a minute.

'Tis the Kellys Who Are Proud Now

CHICAGO.—Several hundred Chicago Kellys have received letters recently informing them that they are descendants of ancient Irish kings, and for the modest sum of one dollar they will be sent the famous Kelly coat of arms.

The letters are sent out by a Philadelphia concern that makes a business of looking up "family trees," and the Kellys all over the United States are receiving the glad news.

The "discovery" that Kelly was once a king of Ireland was made by a representative of the Philadelphia concern "after years of research in the libraries of Dublin, Cork and Belfast." The ancestral coat of arms is something that every Kelly should have—according to the letter—and as there are only a few thousand left, it behooves Kelly to remit his one dollar without delay.

The letter in part is as follows:

Mr. Kelly—Dear Sir: We have just received from our agent in Dublin a rare old engraving of the coat of arms of the Kelly family. We are now producing this for framing and printing a pamphlet, describing it and giving the lineal descent of the first Kelly from Heremon, first king of Ireland, and through a long line of Irish monarchs. Only enough will be printed to fill advance orders. The price is only one dollar. Send cash with order."

Have you noticed Kelly since he got the word from Philadelphia? He holds his head higher than usual and he will hardly bow to the Gradys and the Reillys.

"What's come over Kelly?" is the question his neighbors are asking. When a Kelly meets a Kelly they shake hands cordially and the conversation is about their ancestral coat of arms.

"I always knew that Kelly was one of the best names in Ireland," said Edward T. Kelly, president of the E. T. Kelly company, publishers, "but I didn't know we were descendants of kings until I got the letter from a 'family tree' concern the other day. More than fifty men of my name have spoken to me about it, as they also received letters on the subject.

"There is only one way to spell the name, and that is K-e-double l-y. Those who slip in the extra E between L and Y are not the real Kellys, the descendants of Irish royalty."

James W. Kelly, secretary of Thomas Kelly & Bro., plumbers' supplies, said it was not news to him that he was the lineal descendant of a king of Ireland.

"Sure the Kellys are the greatest people in Ireland," said he. "There is no name in Irish history that stands out like Kelly. He can—like Kelly can. I don't want to speak disparagingly of any Irish name, but Kelly beats them all."

Chicagoan to Start an Electric Farm

CHICAGO.—The shades of Ben Franklin and the near shades of Thomas Edison are about to fall upon the fertile fields of Lake county. Thanks to the enterprise of Samuel Insull, who has several considerable vegetable patches in the county adjoining Cook, the garden fields are to have an electric treatment.

When not working on his turnip patch, Mr. Insull is president of the Commonwealth Edison company. He has also much to do with Lake county electrical enterprises. They have electricity to burn. This may have something to do with the experiment in gardening which the Insull friends, and they are legion, declare he is about to perpetrate on a county whose farmers have always been respectably conservative. You see, to the president of an electric company the lighting juice is cheaper than fertilizer.

Think what it means to Chicago diners if the Insull plan bears fruit. Bill of fares will feature electric radishes, incandescent onions, which may be odorless; pies from 10,000 candle power pumpkins; kilo-watt potatoes and alternating current cabbages.

In the wake of this eating may come electrical sprees. The somber citizen after dining on an electrified potato salad may glow like a lightning bug and warble a few bars of "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now." Each green pea may contain an electric shock and the result of eating a single portion may be shocking. If this comes to pass just blame Mr. Insull.

There are three kinds of farming, as you probably don't know, unless you have had a fling at it. The first grade is the common or garden variety as practised by our forbears. Then there is the up-to-date, rotation-in-crops, applied-chemistry brand.

And another. Then there is the advanced school as practised by German scientists, Secretary of Agriculture Wilson and the aforesaid Mr. Insull. This last is guaranteed to grow radishes with the scarlet coat of a British grenadier and the rotundity of a brewery wagon driver.

Here is the recipe for electrical vegetable growing. Take one garden plot and set up posts around it. String wires across the patch at a height of six feet. Turn on Commonwealth-Edison or North Shore current for eight hours a day. Watch the vegetables grow.

The electric current feeds itself into the ground and the vegetables are stimulated by the vibrations of the current's alternations. Care must be taken, it is said, to observe union hours—eight a day—or the result will be overstimulation. Lake county farmers will watch the result of the experiment with interest.

Throws Vinegar in a Burglar's Eyes

NEW YORK.—Mrs. Nathan Jasper, wife of a contractor, saved her husband from possible death at the hands of a burglar recently by throwing a cup of vinegar into the burglar's eyes and blinding him.

The man went to Jasper and told him he was starving. His appearance bore out his story. Jasper gave him money for food, and told him he would put him to work. When the Jaspers were getting ready for bed they found the man in a closet of their apartment, unconscious. The closet had a spring lock on the outside and the man had been shut in. He was almost suffocated. Mrs. Jasper got some vinegar, which her husband used as a restorative, and succeeded in bringing the man to his senses.

As soon as the man became conscious he attacked Jasper. The contractor was no match for him, and was being choked into unconsciousness when Mrs. Jasper hurled the vinegar into the man's face. Howling with pain, he freed Jasper. Mrs. Jasper sprang at him, and she and her husband managed to hold him until a policeman came and took him to jail.

Jasper says the man he had befriended was a former employe whom he had discharged on account of his habits. He says the man stole his jewelry before hiding in the closet.

GIRL WINS A FARM

Philadelphian Draws 160 Acres on Indian Reservation.

Outdoor Life and Larger Freedom of Undeveloped Country Appear Pleasing in Contrast With Environments of City.

Spokane, Wash.—Miss Mary R. Bloomer of Philadelphia, who won a homestead of 160 acres in the Flathead Indian reservation in western Montana at the government lottery, has decided to become a farmer. She is now at Missoula with her mother and brother, and says her father living at Philadelphia, and brother, a resident of Seattle, will join them in a short time.

Miss Bloomer did not journey from Philadelphia to the Spokane country merely for the purpose of registering in the land drawings last year at Missoula, Spokane and Coeur d'Alene. In fact, when she left her eastern home for a visit in the Pacific country she did not know there was any such thing as a land drawing in progress. She had not even heard of the Flathead reservation, and Montana was to her not much more than a name convenient in identifying a huge portion of the great American desert—a vast, unmeasured hunting ground for gun toting cowpunchers, savage Indians and wild things.

But, while stopping on the way to visit relatives at Leavenworth, Wash., her uncle mentioned the big land opening, and then and there it was determined that she would stop at Missoula, Spokane and Coeur d'Alene, and register. This was done, and in course of time Miss Bloomer received notification from Uncle Sam that she should have 341st choice among the Flathead farms in Montana.

Evidently Miss Bloomer was happy in the prospect of becoming a farmer in the eastern part of the Spokane country. Missoula she thought to be a most progressive and attractive little city; and she seemed to appreciate at its full value the exquisite beauty of its surroundings. She is impressed with the activity and optimism of the people and believes she will become as much attached to the west as she was to her home city.

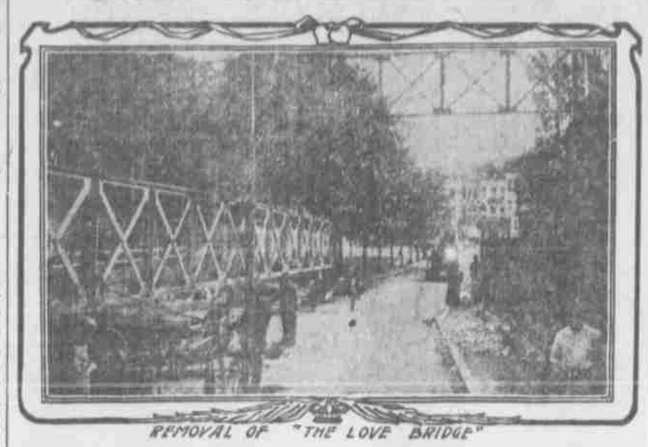
"There is much to attract one in the northwest," she said, when asked why she left the east. "The outdoor life and the larger freedom and more vigorous atmosphere in this land of magnificent distances and opportunities possess a fascination that few can resist, and I believe I will become a full fledged westerner in a short time. It is true I am what you would call a 'tenderfoot,' and I do not know a thing about farming, setting a hen or milking a cow, but I am going to learn, and I feel I shall 'make good' with the best of them."

Miss Frances L. Loosmore of Hillyard, a suburb of Spokane, who had 237th choice, filed on 81 acres, which, she says she will put into grain and fruit.

Old Hiding Place Safer.

Bristol, Tenn.—After hiding $1,000 in $20 gold pieces for 50 years at different spots on his premises, John Hopper of Washington county, Virginia, two weeks ago secreted the yellow coin under the kitchen of his home. When he went to get the money the other day, to count it, it was missing. There is no clue to the thief.

TEARING DOWN LEOPOLD'S BRIDGE



REMOVAL OF "THE LOVE BRIDGE"

BRUSSELS.—The people of Belgium are pleased to note that one relic of the dissolute life of the late King Leopold has been removed. This was the so-called "Love Bridge," which connected his majesty's palace at Laeken with the residence of Baroness Vaughan, whom he married secretly shortly before his death. The bridge crossed a handsome thoroughfare and was an eyesore, in addition to being a reminder of Leopold's unworthy conduct.

FIX RUBBER PRICES

Manufacturers of Crude Product in Mexico Form Organization.

Discrimination Is Alleged and Foreign Dealers, Especially in United States, Are Prejudiced Against Para Product.

Torreon, Mexico.—The manufacturers of crude rubber from the guayale shrub are forming a strong organization, which has for its purpose the fixing of the price that shall be paid for the product and to protect themselves against the discriminations which they allege is being practised against this kind of rubber in the principal markets of the world, particularly in the United States.

The guayule rubber manufacturing companies and individuals composing this new combine represent a capital aggregating about $65,000,000 gold that is now invested in the industry in Northern Mexico. The combined capacity of the manufacturing plants is about 500 tons of crude rubber daily. The reports of the different factories show that those located in the state of Coahuila alone has outputs aggregating $12,000,000 during the first four months of this year, and that this is to be still further increased by the erection of new factories of large capacity.

The chief concerns interested in the movement to improve prices and market conditions of the crude products are the Continental-Mexican Rubber company of Torreon, the Compania Explotadora Coahuilense of Parras, the Mexican Crude Rubber company of Viesca, the Compania Ganadera de la Merced of Cuatro Cienegas, the Compania Guayulera de Torreon, S. A., of Torreon; the Compania Hulera Mexicana of Gomez Palacio, La Internacional Mexicana of Torreon, the Compania Hulera de la Laguna, S. A., of Torreon; the Compania Huayulera Nacional, S. A., of Gomez Palacio; the Compania Mexicana Explitadora de Hule of Torreon, Othan Kateerfeldt of Gomez Palacio, and Enrico Northoldt of Torreon.

The complaint of the manufacturers is that the foreign dealers and brokers in rubber arbitrarily fix a price on the guayule rubber considerably below that which is paid for the Parra product, and that of rubber trees in other parts of the world without regard to the relative difference in the caucchouc properties of the two products. The fact is cited that while the rubber tree product is accepted on a basis of 90 per cent. on its gross weight, an allowance of only 48 to 50 per cent. on its gross weight is made for guayule rubber. It is claimed that an analysis of guayule rubber shows that it averages 75 per cent. chauchou, the manufacturers being therefore deprived of practically one-third of the value of the product in its sale. When the Parra and other rubber tree products were selling for $1.25 a pound, offers of 80 to 90 cents per pound were made for guayule rubber.

It is the purpose of the guayule rubber combine to demand an equalization of the prices, which will place their product on a parity with that obtained from the rubber tree.

Presentiment Halts Hymen.

Allentown, Pa.—Through a mother's premonition, the elopement of Miss Julia Cutler, seventeen years old, of Lansford, and Michael Daniels of this city, was frustrated.

The girl came to Allentown some time ago to work, and falling in love with a man ten years her senior, made all arrangements for her wedding, even buying her trousseau.

The couple had planned to get married the other night. The mother, however, having some premonition, came on during the day and after rigid cross-examination, the daughter divulged her plans.

The mother objected violently, and with the aid of a policeman, took the daughter home, trousseau and all.

Will Make Spooning Legal

Asbury Park Police to Show Much Toleration and Allow Flirting Within Reason.

Asbury Park, N. J.—Oh, joy! "Spooning" is to be permitted at Asbury Park this summer, and flirting is to be tolerated within reasonable limits. This will be good news for the boys and girls who summer at that resort and who have heretofore found the restrictions irksome. Chief of Police Smith has said it. If a man flirts with a woman, the man will not be arrested if the woman reciprocates his advances.

Of course the police will interfere if they find any man forcing his attentions on a girl who does not desire his acquaintance. But the guardians of the peace positively will not interfere if any fair maiden takes the initiative and persists in flirting with a man. Smith figures that the men are able to take care of themselves in such emergencies, and he will take no action unless called upon by the man who is thus offended, or would you say honored and complimented?

The police chief's statement is tempered with a warning. Girls who flirt are to take all the responsibility to themselves.

"Spooning" will not be interfered with if done in dark places away from the public gaze. Smith says there are sufficient number of corners along the beach to accommodate all the spooners summering at Asbury Park and that "spooners" will not be molested if they keep out of public gaze and off the board walk.

The police chief says also that he and his men will be more lenient in the matter of bathing suits.

Aeroplanes at Army Meet

New Engines of Modern Warfare to Figure in Grand French Manœuvers in September.

Paris.—This year's grand maneuvers of the French army will take place between September 9 and 18 in the region between Rouen and Amiens. The operations will be directed by the generalissimo, General Tremeau, and General Michel of the army council will be chief umpire. The troops engaged will be the Second army corps under the command of General Picquart and the Third army corps under General Meunier, together with three battalions of chasseurs, the Paris Zouave regiments, the Fifth Colonial brigade and the First and, perhaps, also the Third cavalry division.

The composition of the two army corps will be on the basis of 30 battalions of infantry and 30 batteries of artillery to each army corps. Companies will be not less than 150 and squadrons not less than 100 strong. The artillery will be organized in four-gun batteries. Every appliance of modern warfare will be employed, and according to present arrangements aeroplanes as well as airships will be seen at work.

The Rule.

A little absence now and then is relished by the best of husbands.—Life.

BOY IS BETTER FLY KILLER

In Contest Conducted by English Parochial School Girls Come Out Second Best.

London.—Stirred to action by the statement that the slaughter of one fly in early spring was responsible for the suppression of 1,728,000 in June, the headmistress of a parochial school in Wiltshire persuaded her pupils to do their utmost to exterminate these household pets.

The results of their efforts have been as follows: Twenty-eight girls killed 2,210 flies; twenty-four boys killed 3,150 flies.

The biggest haul of any one child was 275, secured by a boy; but the highest score of any one girl was 120.

In all, 5,360 flies are known to have been accounted for. Reckoning that every fly is responsible for 1,728,000 of its species, it is evident that these determined exterminators have saved the world from the presence of 9,262,080,000 flies.

Man Has Slain 2,000 Bears

Veteran Western Hunter Also Has Remarkable Record of Shooting 3,000 Cougars.

Spokane, Wash.—Tom Hopper, who has killed more than 2,000 bears in California, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and the province of British Columbia in the last 35 years, has returned to his home in Spokane from Kingston, Idaho, with the pelts of four bears, including the largest cinnamon bear ever killed in Idaho, and two cougars, the result of three days' work with a pack of hounds.

The big bear was killed on Pine creek, south of Kingston, after a lively battle, in which several of the dogs were severely pawed. The hounds were game, however, and stood their ground till Hopper reach the scene and dispatched the big fellow with a head shot. The other three bears and the cougars were bagged without much difficulty, though Hopper admits that one of the black bears showed a lot of fight.

The veteran has killed several thousand cougars in the Pacific and northwestern states since 1890, his largest bag in one year being 739, killed in eastern Washington and Oregon and northern Idaho and southeastern British Columbia. Hopper confines his work to predatory animals, upon which the various states have placed a head bounty.

It Wasn't.

The telephone call of a suite of apartments in a ladies' boarding house is 190. One young lady, a recent comer, answered the call and was astonished to hear a man's voice inquire hurriedly, "Is this one nine o?" When she could catch her breath, the lady who was a very proper young lady indeed, replied, "I think not. Were we ever introduced?"

DICTIONARY FOR THE BLIND

Sightless Wizard Is Author of Most Wonderful Book—Printed in Braille Type.

Vienna.—A notable achievement for the benefit of the blind is the first French-German dictionary printed in Braille type. This work demanded an extraordinary amount of minute and laborious precision, and was carried out by Herr Karl Satzenhofer, who is himself blind, at the printing works of the Vienna Institute for the Education of the Blind.

It is the well known Lagenscheidt dictionary which has been put into Braille type. The main difficulty was that in order to economize space the work had to be printed in what is known as the abreviated type, which in France is different from the system followed in Germany, and called for an intimate knowledge of both systems on the part of the translator.

A QUAKE IN CHILE

SERVES TO SHOW LIMITATIONS OF THE NATIVE SERVANT.

Ludicrous Experience of an American Residing There During the Memorable Santiago Shock of 1906.

"The South American servant is usually most considerate of your comfort, but he is not apt to use his brain very much," said John H. Gilmor, an American who has passed most of his life below the equator. "During the earthquake in Santiago de Chile in 1906 my cook refused to go upstairs to help me save some clothes and valuables, but unthinkingly risked her life to get me a bottle of whisky.

"I was at the Union club early in the evening of August 16, and some of us were shaking dice for drinks. When the first shock came I, not being used to earthquakes, ran out into the patio. My companions jeered me when I went back to the table. We got busy with the dice again, and pretty soon came the grand shock, that lasted three minutes and forty-seven seconds. There was no jeering this time, but everybody made for the front door.

"My house was about five blocks from the club, but all the lights were out, the streets were pitch dark, and it seemed an hour before I got there, though I was running as hard as I could. There was a light in the dining room, and everything was on the floor. I shouted for my wife, but she, the servants and the dog were gone.

"While I was turning off the gas, Antonia, our cook, who was an Araucanian Indian, came to the front door. "'Master, for God's sake get out,' she cried.

"She told me that my wife had gone to the Alameda, a wide street some distance away, and would wait for me there.

"It was midwinter and bitterly cold. I ran into the house again and upstairs to get some wraps, and begged Antonia to come with me to help find them and some valuables, but she would not. She ran to the kitchen and fetched a candle and then caught the things as I threw them into the patio. When I got downstairs she had made them all up into a bundle.

"I put on a heavy overcoat, and we started for the Alameda. As I ran I felt something bumping against my legs. I reached into my pocket and drew out a bottle of whisky. Antonia though she would not go upstairs, which was fairly safe, had ducked into the bodega or wine closet, the most dangerous sort of place in an earthquake, and dug out the whisky.

"Everybody in the city who could get there was in the Alameda, and there was such a throng that I could not find my wife. We searched about the spot where Antonia had left her, but there was not a sign.

"We walked about calling her name, but it was not until 2 o'clock in the morning that we found her. Then it was by our little fox terrier's recognizing my voice, and coming and leaping toward me. I found my wife and the other servant sitting on the curb near by. We commandeered a vacant carriage, and my wife and I lived in it for two nights."

Tortoise Speed.

According to the fable the hare and the tortoise had a race and odds were decidedly against the latter because of its lack of speed. Now there is a tortoise in Ohio township, Bartholomew county, that would certainly "show up strong" in a race with the fabled creeper. The Ohio township tortoise has only moved about an eighth of a mile in 20 years.

Twenty years ago O. A. Sprague, then a small boy, found a tortoise on the farm of his father in Ohio township and carved his initials on its back. He turned it loose and the incident was forgotten. A few days ago Everett Sprague, a local school teacher and a brother of the man who carved the tortoise, was walking about the farm, when he ran across the tortoise and examined its back. The initials were as plain as the day they were carved and the tortoise had only moved about an eighth of a mile from the place where the carving was done.—Columbus Correspondence Indianapolis News.

Origin of Tommy Atkins.

It is a popular notion that the name "Tommy Atkins," as the sobriquet of the British soldier, is peculiarly the idea of Rudyard Kipling, than which nothing could be farther from the truth, although it is not to be denied that Mr. Kipling, more than anybody else, has made the nickname famous.

As a matter of fact, the name originated with the British war office issuing pocket manuals, in which the soldier's name, age, date of enlistment, term of service and other details were entered. The method of filling in the form was explained by the employment of a fictitious name, and instead of the legal "John Doe" or "Richard Roe," the combination "Thomas Atkins" was adopted. From this circumstance the name came to be applied to the soldier as a type, very much as during our Civil war the Confederates were commonly addressed by their Union opponents as "Johnnie Reb."

An Eccentric Professor.

The late Professor Sophocles of Harvard was a short but finely built man, with bushy, snow-white hair and beard, olive complexion and piercing black eyes, and looked like some venerable Arab sheik. Reserved and shy in manner, he was yet full of genial humor. Once, in the class-room, he asked a student: "What was done with the bodies of the Greeks who were killed at Marathon?" "They were buried, sir." "Next!" "Why, they—they were burned." "Next!" "I—I don't know, professor." "Right. Nobody knows!" He was never married, but lived alone in one of the college buildings, and prepared his own food, getting up curious Turkish dishes. He allowed a servant to visit the room to make up his bed, but would endure no further disturbance, and the floor was unswept from October to June.

ROYAL MOURNING CUSTOMS

In England Sumptuary Laws Were Formerly Found Necessary to Restrict Extravagance.

Royal mourning in the past was regulated far more elaborately than nowadays. In pre-Revolution days, when the French court was in mourning, the royal apartments were hung with black, and every looking glass in the king's residences was covered with crape. French queens, when widowed, were expected to remain secluded for six weeks in a room draped with black cloth on which were fastened white velvet dots, supposed to represent tears.

The same custom prevailed in Scotland. In the pamphlet which George Buchanan wrote against Mary Queen of Scots he dwelt severely on the fact that long before the forty days following Darnley's death were spent she showed herself at a window and looked out on the light of day."

Sumptuary mourning laws were formerly found necessary in England to restrict the extravagance of the nobility and their imitators in the matter of funeral costume. At the end of the fifteenth century it was laid down that dukes, marquises, and archbishops should be allowed sixteen yards of cloth for their gowns, "sloppes" (mourning cassocks) and mantles, earls fourteen, viscounts twelve, barons eight, knights six, and all persons of inferior degree only two. Hoods were forbidden to all except those above the rank of esquire of the king's household.

In the following century Margaret, Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII, issued an ordinance for "the reformation of apparel for great estate of women in the time of mourning." So it seems that men and women have met in the extravagance of sorrow.

Even two hundred years ago London tradesmen found that court mourning seriously affected their business. Addison relates that a tavern he often met a man whom he took for an ardent and eccentric royalist. Every time this man looked through the Gazette he exclaimed "Thank God! all the reigning families of Europe are well." Occasionally he would vary this formula by making reassuring remarks respecting the health of British royalists. After some time Addison discovered that this universal royalist was a colored silk merchant, who never made a bargain without inserting in the agreement. "All this will take place as long as no royal personage dies in the interval."

Diet Affects the Carriage.

"There are foods that make for a good carriage," says a teacher of physical culture. "The Japanese women, who live on rice, carry themselves very erect. The Russian women, who live on hearty food, are also noted for their brilliant bearing. The Irish and the English are notoriously fine in their walk.

"Sweets give a woman a bad walk. If she takes an afternoon tea of bonbons she will have little appetite for her dinner afterward, and soon she will bend forward as though there were an emptiness in her stomach.

"Yet I must qualify this. When I take my pupils out for an afternoon walk I make it a point to give them two lumps of sugar each at five o'clock. A little sugar just at this hour wards off fatigue. I also give them a little green stuff, which takes away the thirst. For dinner I tell them to eat lettuce and watercress, so that they will not feel the need of jellies and other heavy sweets. The result is a loss of flesh and a gain of appetite.

"I insist that my patronesses carry themselves well. Otherwise of what use is a fine gown? I can not design for a woman who walks as though she were pulling a cart."

Oregon Man's Insect Catcher.

In the country all sorts of homely devices are used to catch the bugs and kill them, and an Oregon man, who probably had his apple orchard overrun by some destructive species, patented a trap for the pests.

A barrel has pieces cut out of the upper portion and is half filled with rotten or bruised apples or some other odoriferous fruit. On top of the barrel is placed a pan partially filled with water, oil or some poisonous liquid. From the apex of a tripod that keeps the basin from falling off the barrel hangs a lantern.

In the daytime the insects will be attracted by the odor of the fruit, and in flying up to feast many of them are likely to fly into the water. At night the lantern is lighted and bugs will come from afar to flutter against it and meet their death in the liquid below.—Chicago Tribune.

An Original Thinker.

A studious person can, by thinking long enough, find reasons for almost anything. They will not be necessarily good reasons, but they may be presentable—like those of the young man who, in an examination, was asked: "Why will not a pin stand on its point?"

He considered the proposition a time, and then answered:

"In the first place, a point is defined by Euclid as that which has no parts and no magnitude, and how can a pin stand on that which has no parts and no magnitude?"

"In the second place, a pin will not stand on its head, much less, therefore, will it stand on its point.

"Thirdly and lastly, it will, if you stick it in hard enough."—Pearson's.

Accepting Hospitality.

"The former governor was making his way through the gloom of a drizzling rain on Pennsylvania avenue, some few nights since. The glare from a shop window was on his sturdy features. I recognized him instantly, but as I was in the shadow he could not see my face when I hurled an invitation to him. 'Governor,' I said, 'come and have a drink.'

"He peered in my direction from under the brim of his broad hat and then in his soft southern patois enthusiastically said: 'I haven't the vehy faintest ideah in the wuld who you-all ah—not the vehy faintest ideah, but, suh, yeh vehy generous invitation faihly wahms the cockles of mah ha'ht.'"—Norman E. Mack.